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Congo News Letter

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JULY 1948

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Congo News Letter

Vol. XXXIX JULY 1948 No. 3.

TRAVEL IN THE KWANGO

C. J. JUMP

As we wound down into the valley near Moanza on our Christmas trip there, and passed over the valley road laid out by *Tata* Moon, we remarked on how greatly the facilities for missionary travel have increased since the days when *Tata* and *Mama* Moon itinerated in the Kwango. The advancing years have brought aid in the proclamtion of the Christian message by making the country more accessible to the evangelist. Especially is this so in the Vanga field where a commercial firm, has constructed good dirt roads for the transport of their palm nuts and oil. The long trip from Vanga to Moanza, which used to take an entire week by *kipoyi* and later the greater part of two days by truck, now can be negotiated in about seven hours. And while the trip by river boat from Leopoldville to Vanga still may be anywhere from eight to fifteen days, in cases of urgency, the present day missionary has available at Kikwit, only one hundred miles from Vanga, a semi-weekly plane which carries him to Leopoldville in two hours!

Yet even in 1948 missionary travel still can be difficult. For rainy season torrents sometimes transform good dirt roads into quagmires, and ferries or bridges oftentimes are impassable and long detours must be made. And then occasionally there is some new "short-cut", over which no one has passed, but which is very tempting to the tired missionary with a long journey before him. The latter often prove the most disastrous. At one such place the

new link between two good roads had two bridges which had been built several feet off the ground. Of course, the only thing that could be done was to patiently remove some planks from the second bridge, use them as an approach to the first, then replace them, take other planks from the first bridge, use them as an approach for the second, and so continue on. However, several hundred yards of road consisting of dirt placed over saplings remained. Sinking up to the hubs in mud, we once more had to call upon the planks before we emerged from the "short-cut" three hours later. Arriving at the Kwilu River a few minutes afterwards to find that the ferry men had been called away to help the local state official, and a two hour wait for some of our Christian natives to come and ferry us across the river did not add to the joys of the day.

Then there is the hiking that the present-day missionary must do. For there still are many deep gorges and overgrown jungle trails in the Kwango where modern means of transportation are of little use, so that means anywhere from five or ten to twenty miles of walking a day when the missionary is out in the bush, which may add up to over 600 miles a year. So there still are feet treading in the paths where pioneer missionaries have walked. And still there are many natives who, without regard for those who wish to visit them, or perhaps in a throwback to the long ago when each tribe tried to isolate itself as much as possible, build their villages in almost inaccessible locations For example, in the Vanga field the two villages of Bueri and Kiyansi can be reached only by splashing through almost a mile of foot-and-a-half high water.

But no matter how tiring or difficult such travel may be, it is always an inspiration to gaze out upon the valley from some hilltop village, and then turn to see men, women, and children hurrying into their little mud church to pray, and worship Him, who journeyed along the dusty roads of Galilee and Judea, and who travels still the jungle paths of Congo.

JOURNEY WITH THE JUMPS

MARGARET JUMP

There's a long, long, trail awinding into Bayanzi land
Where thousands now are waiting for a helping hand.
So we're starting out to morrow. Would you like to come too?
It will give to us great joy to share the long, long trail with you.

If you accept our invitation we'll put you to work right away packing the boxes. Here's the list of things we need—enough for five weeks.

FOOD— Salt, pepper, sugar, Klim, tea, coffee, butter, jelly, canned foods, flour, bread, cookies, drinking water.
PERSONAL NEEDS — clothing, raincoats. sweaters, etc.
BED ROLL — cot, mosquito net, bedding, pillow.
LINENS — table, towels.
UTENSILS—kettles, kerosene stove, dishes, cutlery, lanterns etc.
MISC. — first aid kit, sewing kit, writing materials.

Monday— Seven and one-half hours of walking—hot sun too. The boat arrived before eight, and after a half-hour trip down stream we were ready to begin walking. We arrived at our church post about noon and had lunch, rested a little and then started out again. In the middle of the afternoon we stopped at a village for a service. It gave us a chance to rest, but not very long because the pastor who preached was tired too and only gave a short message. We had to cross several small streams. Chet jumped across but after landing plump in the middle on my first try I let them carry me at the others. It I had taken my shoes off I'm sure I wouldn't have been able to put them on again. We arrived at Pukulu before dark, had a tiny house just big enough for the cots, a small table and the cockroaches.

Tuesday — Walking time today — four hours and forty five minutes. We stopped at three villages for services. The natives were quite sympathetic when they saw my blisters, and the sympathy took a concrete form—a kipoy at one of the villages, in which I finished the day's travel.

Wednesday. It's a thrill to come to Molili this year, The new pastor and monitor have brought a wonderful spirit into the school and the church. There are a large number of people to be examined here, so we'll be busy the rest of the week.

Sunday. A day like today is the reward for four days of hard work — examining inquirers. In a picturesque stream at the foot of the hill, one hundred thirty four people were baptized and then afterwards were welcomed into the church and took part in their first Communion service.

Monday. We have been walking all day, but because it has been cloudy we have made good time. We held five services along the way. Tonight we are staying in a small house that has been built for the pastor.

Tuesday. Four hours and forty minutes of walking—seven villages visited and services held. A long day, but bathing in the streams that we crossed helped to refresh us. Drinking all our water early in the day didn't.

Wednesday. We went separate trails today, so as to visit more villages. But we arrived safely at the post this afternoon. So far we have acquired 14 chickens and several dozen eggs, to say nothing of gifts of peanuts, potatoes, and fruits.

Sunday. The baptismal service climaxed the three days of examining at Kio. There were too many people for everyone to get into the church, so I took the youngsters and overflow into the school. We left the post at three thirty, and visited three villages on the way to Mayumu where we will spend tonight.

Monday. We didn't get much sleep last night—pigs and dogs trying to get into the house all night long it seemed. Our itineraries varied today again as Chet went the long way round; while I visited the villages along the direct road into Mobini Poste.

Friday. Our week at Mobini has been especially note-worthy because we have had quite a bit of rain, and the roof leaks. Today we had a World Day of Prayer Service, with the women taking charge.

Sunday. After the baptism, at which one hundred sixteen folks were biptised, we left for Ngunu. I got stuck on the

log across the stream and Chet had to come out and help me across. When we reached Ngunu we found a real welcome. The table and chairs were nicely arranged in the dining room, a cloth and a jar of flowers were on the table, and a bunch of bananas hanging from the ceiling.

Sunday. Another week of examining, and this morning one hundred forty six were baptised. Then today we started out for Kimbata—a long trip, but we walked only two and a half hours today.

Sunday. A lucky day—we were able to get a ride with a Portuguese trader, and so so we arrived at Kimbata in good time. Chet took advantage of being ahead of time to visit three more villages—I took a nap.

Friday. I left Kimbata early this morning so as to arrive at Vanga in time for a wedding. I walked about halfway by sunlight. There is no dawn as we have it in America—just darkness and then light. Chet stayed at Kimbata to hold the baptism, and then visited three villages on the way home.

And so we are home again after five weeks of itinerating. Statistically speaking the trip has been profitable. One hundred fifty miles covered. Forty-nine hours of actual walking, Fifty villages visited. Nine hundred people examined. Total expenses-a little more than eleven dollars for carriers, boat, etc.

But how can we express the profit in statistics only? There was much more to it than that. For along with everything else we had the opportunity to witness for our Lord and Master to many who have not yet accepted Him as Saviour and Friend. It is difficult to know just how many of them were drawn closer through our messages, but we feel confident the trip was worth while, for walking each trail, fording each stream, visiting each village, examining each candidate for baptism,— wherever we went and whatever we did there was Someone with us. And when we got tired and hot and wondered why we had ever come, when we were mentally exhausted from asking over and over the same questions, when our heads swam as we strained to understand what people were saying in a foreign tongue, we had only to look at Him and we knew why we had come.

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" OF TRAVEL BY KIPOY

VIOLA L. SMITH

Far be it from me to sigh for the "good old days" when a trip among the villages meant weeks of preparation. First of all it meant sending far and wide to recruit a caravan of forty to fifty men. If the trip were to be to the Bayaka country, it meant that the men had to be secured from among the Bayaka; many of whom hiked eight to ten days to reach the Mission Station, which was only the starting place for a trip of a couple of months.

Do I sigh for the "good old kipoy days" when I had to pack enough good to last for those long caravan trips? I do not! I chuckle with glee when we can throw a few kettles and cans of food into a basket, and bed rolls into the back of the truck and find ourselves at the end of the same day ten days' kipoy travel from Kikongo. Journeying by kipoy (which we must still do in part of our field) is not a question of merely providing food for ourselves for a long journey. A caravan of porters has to be fed each day, in a land where there are no hotels and restaurants along the way. It is not easy to arrive in a village of less than a hundred inhabitants, and find sleeping quarters and food for forty or fifty tired, hungry men. There were some days when the men had to sleep in the open; and some days when we could not buy food for them and they lay their empty tummies on the ground, and took turns walking up and down each others spines to ease the weariness. (Congo chiropractic!) How we blessed the women in our churches in America; for very often it was only because we had baby shirts to offer in exchange for food, that our men could have supper. Did I say supper? I should have said their one meal for the day.

It wasn't a very nice feeling to have to rouse those men the next morning and start off on a long, hot, wearying hike, knowing that they had little or nothing to eat. The

narrow paths thru the tall elephant grass were sometimes worn into deep ruts and the ankles were often bruised or skinned against their edges. The sharp edges of the tall grass cut into bare skin and the grass spears penetrated into the clothing to scratch scratch, scratch as one walked along yearning for a secluded spot where the tormentors could be removed one by one.

Kipoy trails may lead for hours over a long, hot plain with the sun beating down mercilessly and the caravan of men longing for a cool drink. And then the path may lead into a cool forest where the shade from the giant trees falls in blessing on weary bodies. Splashing thru the stream, men who only a few minutes before were dragging themselves on lagging feet, suddenly find new strength and emerge on the other side of the stream singing. The loads which were dropped at the stream's edge are shouldered again wih vigor.

And where is the kipoy in all this? And what is a kipoy anyhow? It is generally a wicker seat suspended betweeen two long bamboo poles, and carried on the shoulders of four men. Each kipoy has a crew of eight men, who take turns carrying. It is interesting to calculate the age of the missionary using a kipoy. In the early days, when we were young, ten minutes of riding in the kipoy was followed by fifty minutes of walking. Little by little, as the years passed (May 1948 marks the 25th anniversary of our arrival in Congo) the time spent riding got longer and longer, and the walking time shorter and shorter. We're glad that trucks and roads appeared before we got to the place where we couldn't walk up the hills! In spite of all the arguments in their favor, one never gets to the place of feeling comfortable about being carried in a kipoy by other human beings. And yet we know that without kipoys we would never have been able to accomplish what we did. No matter how long or how hot the day may be, there are always the services to be held at night after camp has been set up; there are always the long conferences, sometimes far into the night, when the carriers rest and sleep but the missionaries work.

No, I do not long for a return of the "good old days"

of kipoy travel. But I shall confess that not for anything in the world would I have missed them. With their passing, something essentially African is passing. With trucks and cars we are able to reach many more villages each year than we could reach by kipoy. But how differently! That car slips into the village before folk are aware that we're there. Not so a caravan. Long before the village is sighted the entire caravan of men starts shouting and singing. The songs may be complimentary to the missionary....or not or they may be tales of what has happened on the trail. The missionary may have been walking for some time, but now he is urged to take his place in the kipoy for the triumphal entry into the village. Dust from scurrying feet makes clouds all around him; women and children rush out from the village to join the singing and shouting of the kipoy men. Into the village they rush at top speed, tumbling children before them as they pay tribute to their missionary by treating him as they do their own chiefs....a compliment which we do not always enjoy. It consists in being bounced high into the air, and down again — very far down as the kipoy men bend to a crouching position before sending us again and again into the air. And so they race thru the village street and deposit us at last at our camp for the night.

We miss the more intimate touch with the people that kipoy travel gives. We miss the long hours, cut off from everyone else, when we can meditate as we walk along. We miss the breath-taking sight of a spider's web, suspended from spears of tall grass, and hung with diamonds of dew sparkling in the first rays of the morning sun. We miss the songs of the kipoy men, songs which told us what they were thinking. Yes, travel by car gets us to more people, oftener and more quickly.....but it doesn't get us quite as close.

"And it came to pass ...that he went about through cities and villages, preaching and bringing the good tidings of the kingdom of God, and with him the twelve. — Luke 8:1

THE BICYCLE

ETHEL D. BROWN

The evolution of means of travel in the Congo is rapidly going on, from foot to kipoy, bicycle, motorcycle, automobile and finally airplanes are used daily. With the growth of civilization, motor vehicles have become a necessity in many parts of Congo. But there are vast territories where primitive forms of travel are used, in these sections one is fortunate to find paths smooth enough for a bicycle, because then he can be independent of carriers and more swift than walking. It is leisurely enough to be able to spend time in the intimate fellowship around the campfire with the village people, sleeping in villages which are away from the motor road and getting to know the Congo people as they live in their simple primitive ways. For in many ways these people are better off than those in civilized areas. They have a more ordered and contented life and are uncontaminated by the temptations of civilized life. And many are ready and eager to hear the gospel. Many happy and faithful Christians live in these surroundings. But there are also those who cling to their past superstitions and fears and heathen practices, and it is those we are anxious to reach. Often they are not touched by the missionary when he has to travel by a motor vehicle, but we must penetrate to the less developed areas by a more suitable way of travelling. So the bicycle has a place in carrying the gospel to the isolated villages.

The Congo people, pastors, nurses and others use the bicycle for traveling. It is within the income of many Congo people to own a bicycle, while motor vehicles are rarely owned by Congolese. Many of these Christian workers are able to do greater service because of this means of carrying them from place to place.

The greatest use of the bicycle in these days is on mission stations, where buildings are spread over a large area. It is very convenient to have a bicycle handy when

you want to go to school or hospital, or go to supervise work on plantations or elsewhere on the mission property. The bicycle still has great usefulness in missionary work, even though motor vehicles are of greatest use in traveling today. They save many minutes of time and a great deal of energy, and they do take us to places where we might not otherwise be able to go. Almost every missionary wants to have a "bike" standing at the door ready to mount at any moment when he must leave the house to go to some duty.

Tata Ngumina, earnest and capable supervizing evangelist of our Vanga field, had accompanied my wife and me to one of our out-stations, and was giving the message to a crowd that filled the large church at our early morning prayer meeting.

"Around us", he said, "are various tribes", (and he proceeded to list some of them). "You cannot tell the members of one tribe from another merely by looking at them. Two chief means of distinguishing them are the way they talk and the way they eat. In these and other matters we are different and we have our distinguishing tribal marks."

He drew his tall impressive 200 pound frame to its full height and looked earnestly at the congregation. "The hope of our land and of the world lies in *Christians that are different*, who like Paul, bear the marks of Jesus". He exclaimed fervently.

During these few days spent together, he and I had examined almost 500 inquirers in two church centers only, and we had received almost 300 for baptism. And as he spoke I felt constrained to pray, "Lord, make them (and me) *different* after this pattern." — L. GITTINGS

TRAVEL BY CAR

B. W ARMSTRONG

"Going up this hill in a car is not the same thing as pumping a bicycle up when there are two lions behind." This indisputablv true statement was made by one of our pastors in the Kikongo field, Philip Matalatala, to Samuel Yilela. We were easily and swiftly mounting one of the hills leading to the ridge road that runs parallel with the Lonzo river. It was Matalatala's district and he did his visiting by bicycle when his bike was in operating condition. But this time we were doing it in style in our Chevrolet with Yilela as the visiting pastor who was lending a helping hand in the rather negleted Fuangulu church field. It seems that Matalatala had come along the same road on a previous trip at a rather late hour, and was hurrying to reach a village before darkness overtook him. Going rapidly down the hill, he almost ran over two lions who were taking their ease in the road. He screamed at the lions and they stepped aside to let him by. Always before, he had walked up the opposite side of the hill, pushing his bicycle, but this time he kept right on going and pumped all the way up, though his heart was bursting, it seemed, before he reached the top and dared look back. Yilela remarked that it did not seem to be too much of a hill, and Matalatala's reaction was very much to the point.

Going about by car or going about on foot, by hammock or on a bike, is not the same thing. From 1923 to 1941 we went on foot with help from a hammock chair. Then we were given the wonderful Chevrolet suburban carryall that served us so well from 1942 to 1947 and which is still giving good service at Vanga. One learns quite a lot the first year of driving in Congo. The garages and filling stations are almost non-existent out in the big fields. One has to calculate the distance and take enough gas along to get home again. When a tire goes flat, the gas line

clogs up, the spark plugs do not spark, the battery goes dead, or any of the ailments occur to which a car is susceptible, then the driver just has to make repairs himself. Springs break and lucky is the man who has a spare along. Even so, replacing a broken spring out in the Congo sun among the pestiferous little sweat bees is just one of the reasons why one of our doctors called neurosis a prevailing missionary disease.

In Congo we do not have the high death rate so common on highways in the U.S.A. but it is not without some risks. When home secretary D.M. Albaugh was with us in 1946 he had some experiences with mission cars and missionary driving that he will not forget. In the Moanza field Lewis Brown was pushing and cajoling his famous old Dodge up a very steep hill and tried to make a hairpin turn without stopping and backing up, as is the accepted policy on that particular turn. He had three reasons for not stopping: the battery was dead, the brakes were no good, and the motor would die every time he let it idle. Lewis was on the inside, I in the middle, and Mr. Albaugh on the outside. The outside front wheel was pushing sand off the side of the cliff down into what looked to be a bottomless gorge. Lewis did stop, we did have to get out and push the thing, we did get around the curve and up the hill; but neither Dana nor I like to think of bottomless pits to this very day.

With Bill Robbins we were touring the Vanga field and this time with battery, brakes, gas lines, and everything else except the weather under control. We got on a ferry to cross the Kwilu river when a sudden tropical storm came up and tried to blow us off or underneath the river. Fortunately a Belgian man had come with a motor boat to pull the ferry, and we were not dependent on the usual paddlers. We made the other bank, but it took several tries before we could get the ferry tied up. Going on to Leopoldville from the Kwango area we ran into a torrential rain while on the red clay hills in the lower Congo district. Going down one of the hills, the car started to slide, brakes only tended to skid us out toward the valley, and even getting the motor into second gear did not slow us up. At the bottom

of the hill there was a narrow one-way bridge and it was fortunate for us that we were in the middle of the road just at the time that we had to cross that bridge. Dana was kind enough to say that it was good driving, but I knew it was an act of Providence.

Such experiences, however, are an exception. In the ordinary business of village visitation, going to conference, or for almost any reason, driving a car in Congo is pure pleasure. At times one has to recall the old kipoy days in order to remember that our Congo roads are a pleasure rather than a pain in the neck. Often, as we bounced along, Rhoda had to rub my neck to keep my head straight. With the car we were able to visit each church in the Kikongo field twice a year, and on foot we had never been able to do that. Twenty miles a day by carrier is a long day, but twenty miles can usually be covered in an hour by car. That makes a difference in the amount of supervision an evangelistic missionary can give in one of our Congo fields which range from 4000 to 10,000 square miles each. Certainly every one who is asked to be responsible for the supervision of the evangelistic work on any of our Congo stations should have a car which is not considered to be the general station car.

Certain other questions have to be answered as well in considering travel by car in Congo. In the Kikongo field gas cost us five francs a liter which works out at nearly fifty cents per gallon. For repair work in the garage in Leopoldville a white mechanic's work is charged for at the rate of 125 francs per hour which means nearly thirty dollars a day. Neither missoinary salaries nor work appropriatians can cover much of such costs. But with the press of work on the stations, the law prohibiting hiring porters where roads are in existence, and the small missionary staff, it is evident that cars are a necessity. The home board and the field conference are now trying to work out a policy which will not work too much of a hardship on either side.

To misquote an old proverb: "Pride goeth before a skid and a haughty spirit findeth itself in the ditch". Coming home from the Kwango on our last trip this term, we were

going along in the rain with Rhoda doing the driving. It was tough holding the car in the road, so I volunteered to take over. Shortly after I did so, we rounded a very gentle little curve and just kept on curving until we ended in a roadside ditch. We were near a village, so in spite of the rain many folks came out to offer a lot of advice, At last we accepted the hospitality of a village man who let us have one room in his mud house. It had a small door and when we shut it we could not breathe, when we opened it, the dogs, ducks, and goats all came in to see who was visiting at their house.

In the morning it was still raining but before noon it cleared up so we dug the Chev out and bless its dear old electric heart, it started right up and took us on into Leopoldville.

Some of the disadvantages of going by car are lack of visitation in the many villages that one just drives 'hrough, the question of who is going to ride in the car when there are hundreds who feel they should be taken along, finding the money to pay the operating costs, replacement when the car wears out, and who is going to do the repair and upkeep work. But the advantages are so obvious that they far outweigh the disadvantatages. The lives of some of our missionaries as well as many of the native folk have been saved by being able to get them to a doctor in a hurry. In at least one case the life of a missionary was seriously jeopardised by not having a car available that was in working condition. Increased fellowship among the missionaries is possible because cars are available. Regional conferences can be held which otherwise would not be possible. And as previously mentioned, a missionary can spread himself out over a lot more territory where he can travel by car.

(*continued from page 16*)

When considernig how large a part in the life of the lower Congo area the railroad plays, one can almost forget "*Chemin de Fer*", until thc next trip of six, eight, or eleven hours becomes an "Iron Road".

LE CHEMIN DE FER

R. G. METZGER

"The Iron Road", as a railroad is called in French, is a very appropriate name. There is a hardness and uncomfortableness which seem to be a part of the nature of our Congo trains. When thinking of them in the abstract they are wonderful, but when one is riding and suffering, the name *Chemin de Fer* seems all too true.

Train travel between Matadi, the port of Congo, and Leopoldville, its capital city, or between any of the way points is comfortable or not depending upon with whom one is traveling. Good companions alone make one forget the endless, hot, dirty, uncomfortable hours.

This year maks the 50th anniversary of the completion of this railroad. Its achievement was tribute to the courage and perseverance of the builders. It was truly a marvel, when one realizes that it was completed only twenty years after the first white men, our Baptist missionaries, made the first settlements in modern time. The route was resurveyed and modernized in the 1920's and today is the life line of western and central Belgian Congo.

To the Congo people themselves it is just one more proof of the white man's ingenuity, though today's dark sophisticates generally take it for granted. The railroad is the chief means of communication, and news carried up and down the line by Congolese travellers and passed on to friends at each stop spreads out into the district so fast one feels at times that they must employ mental telepathy. Travel is heavy and the two passenger trains per day, one in each direction, are always filled and almost overflowing. At each stop there is a mad scramble of those on the crowded cars to get off with all of their babies and bundles. But they must fight against the even more urgent stream of those trying to get on and afraid of being left behind. The whole process makes a fascinating picture with men in all types of imitations

of European style clothing (often ludicrous). The women in costumes whose brightness and variety of coloring seem to put a rainbow to shame, and the children and babies little more than eyes great with wonder or mouths open in loud protests.

After travelling frequently the discomforts seem to predominate, open windows with soot continually blowing in, slow speeds with much shaking and jerking, and uncomfortable seats. But one's first ride is a joy. The beauty and neatness of the buildings and landscaping of each station far surpasses anything we have in America, except for a few of our most modern depots. The stations are not large, but they are beautifully laid out with a wide variety of trees, bushes, and flowers, all very well kept.

The trains and service today are a far cry from the old narrow gauge with open coaches that took two days to make the Matadi-Leo run. They are an even greater contrast to the early years of the caravan trail when every passenger walked or was carried, and every piece of freight came up the 200 miles on the heads of porters. Today one rides on a train, the entire crew of which is made up of Africans. All except the three main depots are staffed by Africans, and even in those three most of the services are rendered by Africans.

The scenery is beautiful, from the tumbling waters of the Mpozo River just outside of Matadi, past the barren ruggedness of the Crystal Mountains, the awe inspiring escarpment of the Bangu behind our mission station at Kimpese, the world stretched out for miles below from the high point at Kiasi-Col, the heavily wooded hills of the Sona Bata area, and the drop to the flat sandy plain of Leopoldville.

Nevertheless it is one's travelling companions who can best lighten the fatigue of the trip. Perhaps it is the interesting stranger with whom one becomes acquainted, or it may be another missionary from one's own or another mission with whom news is exchanged and common problems discussed. The contacts are one of the rewards of living along the railroad where frequent trips in connection with the work must be taken. (*continued on page 14*)

THE GOLDEN TRACK

H. D. Brown

From the shipyards close by our home in Leopoldville the "General Olsen" steamed off on a trial run. She is the latest achievement of civilization and progress, the largest ship now afloat on the Congo, fitted with Diesel motors, an all-electric kitchen, and equipped with radar. Her construction was effected in sections under the noses of the Germans who occupied Belgium and the completed parts were sent to the Congo at the close of the war and assembled here. She is a beautiful tribute to the dogged tenacity and courage of many facing great difficulties and overcoming them. But almost any time the eye roams across the expanse of Stanley Pool, other craft may be seen, the primitive dug out canoes of men who from prehistoric times have faced difficulties and overcome them in their own way. The African, equipped with a small ax and an ineffective looking little adze, has learned how to obtain a means of transportation along the golden tracks of his native waterways. With a craftsman's skill and an eye for symmetry his patient labors shape from a solid tree a tiny barque which threads its way through tangled shallows or a giant to challenge the Great Lakes of central Africa.

Riding in a dug-out canoe! Here one shares something of primitive Africa. Progress no longer depends on gasoline, rubber tires, steam, propellors, or wings, nor even on one's own stalwart stride, but on the soundness of one's craft and the goodwill of the crew who man it with their paddles. Nearly all canoes leak, for what tree is so solid that no crack is ever found in its trunk? He would be foolish who neglected to take along a scoop with which to bail out the water that collects in the bottom. Some canoes are made with less skill than others and may prove to be unstable craft, in some sections of the Congo they are made from ironwood which sinks to the bottom like a stone if it fills with water and

RIVER TRAVEL

THEODORE E. BUBECK

When we were first introduced to river travel in the Congo, early in May 1929, we replied as usual with an introduction, 'Enchanté,' (Delighted!) and we really were for we were still, as it were, on a honeymoon, not knowing what was before us. We had left New York on the "LEVIATHAN" then the largest liner crossing the Atlantic. We came down the West Coast on the "ALBERTVILLE" then the finest of the fleet of ships making that run. And now we were to board the "SANKURU", not a bad ship at all with its four cabins. Not many days later I spent a night wishing I might have one of these cabins and later when we mounted the Inzia on two boats even smaller than this one we smiled as we spoke of how palacial the "SANKURU" had been compared to our present accomodations.

But to come back again to the decks of the "SANKURU" where we spent fourteen days watching the wild life along the forest covered banks, or stranded on a bar of "Africa's golden sand", or perhaps trying desperately to avoid one. There seemed ample aversion especially in the early morning or late afternoon watching crocs, hippos, birds or a line of monkeys running from tree to tree, from branch to branch angrily gesticulating, excited over nothing more than the intrusion into their quiet primitive life. Why shouldn't they be disturbed over the appearance of this new gadget of our modernistic, mechanical age?

Almost daily we experienced terrific thunder showers, not infrequently followed by the most gorgeous sunsets with as many colors and patches as Harlequin. It is not to be wondered at that the captain became nervous at the slightest indication of approach of such a storm. On his last trip he had lost his ship, the "Belge" which had been struck by a tornado and which sank in less time than it takes to relate it. In such a storm the sky would become black and overcast and the woods would become a purple hue beneath the inky clouds.

Suddenly the ship would be engulfed by whirling sheets of rain which seemed to come down horizontally, roaring in its fury like a cataract. The lightning would play with its livid glare like a child with a flashlight. The thunder fairly growled at us and would burst a terrific crash, reverberating on all sides, then to roll on and on until it was lost in a new crash.

We were to leave the "SANKURU" at Bagata, but upon arriving we learned that there would be no other boat for two weeks and that the "DIMA", which we had just missed, had struck a rock and had gone down. Our captain invited us to go with him up the Kwilu to our station at Vanga where we could spend several days and still get back in time to get the next boat up the Inzia. We welcomed the suggestion and five days later surprised our Vanga staff with a visit which lasted longer than had been anticipated due to the absence of any boats passing downstream. About a week later we were to get passage on a boat without cabins. The captain graciously agreed to our going assuring us that we could make the trip downstream to Bagata in one day if we got an early start. We got the early start, but were held up by a fog and then by a sandbar which spun us about and sent us whirling into the bank from there to go on and on into another sandbar where we stuck fast. Several hours were spent extricating the boat trying first one method and then another. Because we could not reach Bagata that night we tied up to a tree on the bank and spent the night in a chair desperately fighting a great swarm of mosquitoes.

After spending another week at Bagata in a chickenhouse which had been nicely cleaned for us, we managed to get the long-desired boat up the Inzia. As far as Dunda we were able to sleep on deck, but there we changed to the "dog" as the Natives called the "LA LYS" and a hot "dog" it was too. It was thirty feet long and carried a great wood-burnig furnace in the middle. During the day we sat just behind the pilot and at night we put up our cots on the bank.

It was on this last lap of the journey that we met our first Moanza Basukus, a group of schoolchildren who came to the bank and as we passed sang:

'hold', (contains motor and stow-aways.) The whole center section is protected from sun and rain, the pilot has a wheel, and there are built-up rails on the sides for back-rests, foot-rests, or safety. This is the luxury-launch type.

The journey up-river is beautiful. We pass between mountains and rocks and wonder just how long it took the Congo to cut the way for us. Several places show clearly the stratification of the upturned mountain blocks. Rocks of harder strata, on which the Congo is still working, are left nearly up-right on the water's edge. They resemble the plain weather-rounded stones of a New England graveyard, and no doubt mark the resting places of numerous unfortunate river travellers, including some of Stanley's men. Then we pass thickly forested areas, marking the valleys fed by a very few of the Congo's thousands of tributaries. Then rise up some of those beautiful African velvet mountains, the kind that have been smoothed by the rainy seasons of centuries, and produce only a coat of bright green grass: not at all rough or rugged to look upon, but staunch and stately.

The motor continues its laborious song. Sometimes there are passengers to take on or leave off along the way. The pilot pulls in near shore, the engineer cuts the motor, and while baggage is being transferred, the water-boy takes the opportunity to get a good full barrel on which to start pulling again.

There are a number of rapids on this trip, and the boat weaves back and forth along the river so as to be able to approach them at the most advantageous point. The pilot's and engineer's seasons of river experience tell them at what time they must nose the boat into the full current, idle the motor until the craft has straightened out in the direction of the flow, then open the throttle at full speed ahead as the prow points upward and the boat starts to climb. For a few seconds (which seem like long minutes) you seem to stand still. The motor roars and you look at the rocks on both sides of you, trying to measure at least the fraction of an inch of progress. . You suddenly realize how close you are getting to the rocks on the other side. About this time

most of the passengers begin to cast their eyes on the pilot in a rather curious fashion as much as to inform him that he too should be concerned about the approaching rocks. As if he hadn't been concerned with these very rocks some way back down-stream, choosing his channel, calculating the distance his craft would be carried accross the pitch of the rapid until the propellors actually made head-way; while we passengers were gazing at the scenery or reading the Digest. 'Oh we of little faith'.

One quite often sees monkeys playing in the trees along the banks, and there are always many birds and often tsetse flies that follow the boat until successfully put out of their existence. And at last I've seen a crocodile in croc-infested Congo! He was a light green — not at all what I had expected, but they say he was a youngster. We were too far away to become very well acquainted.

About four hours takes us to a two-hours' walk from Mukimbungu, and four more hours, to the landing nearest Lukunga. Both of these centers are difficult to reach overland, involving long walks or round-about truck rides, eating a big share of our expensive gasolene. Therefore, we gratefully turn to the *Tukutuku* when planning these itineraries, thanking God for the service they render to His work and to the convenience of His workers.

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burst upon darkened villages and men praise Him today because the minister of the gospel will consider no people inaccessible but will reach them with the message of eternal life by whatever means are available.

can thus be a dangerous means of travel. The tiny little craft, about one foot wide and able to accommodate two men require expert handling and a fine sense of balance as one stands at bow or stern to paddle. There's no easy sitting down to paddle one of Congo's canoes. A lanceolate paddle eight or nine feet in length is thrust into the water as the trunk of the paddler is bent far forward, and the stroke is then completed by a strenuous straightening of the body as well as a vigorous arm movement, an exercise that exhausts the unpractised land lubber in less than ten minutes. Fifteen to twenty paddlers in a huge canoe that will also accommodate a couple of arm chairs, a ton of freight, and still leave room to spare, is a graceful sight as it makes its way, a thrill to the senses if one is a passenger and not a paddler. To make such a canoe one of our Congo pastors once selected and cut a forest giant. On the day it fell the whole village stayed behind locked doors, for this was the abode of a spirit, to be placated not outraged, and dire calamity would result when the giant fell. The pastor's new faith was stronger than his old beliefs and he persisted in his task. The tree fell. The village basked peacefully in the tropical sun. When the canoe was launched the villagers were glad to board it and use it as means of transportation.

Our task is reaching the African with the gospel. Sometimes the most economical way of achieving that is to journey by plane. At other times there may be no choice but to travel by canoe. If it is large and stable and manned by a good crew it may mean a time of relaxation, if it is not, it may require vigilance and quick action. Only once have I been capsized, only once lost for a short time until a compass put us right, only a few times in danger of sporting hippos, not often in actual peril of waters but times without number at the mercy of volunteer crews, badly matched, garrulous, noisy, not particularly eager to arrive in good time at their destination, umindful of blazing heat or biting tsetses. But by this means the light and life of Jesus our Saviour have

(*continued on page 21*)

BY LAND OR BY TUKUTUTU

ANNIS FORD

I have really had none of the interesting or exciting experiences of which some folk can tell; as having the motor stall in the middle of the rapids, the boat barely missing a rock, or coming down the river after dark, watching for the brush fire just above the landing, and realizing (with appreciation) how well the pilot knows his river. But out of my ordinary experiences I shall try to give an account of ordinary travel by motor boat in the lower Congo. All aboard!

It is decided to visit either dispensary, church district, or regional school of Mukimbungu or Lukunga. Those are our two centers reached by a boat-ride up the Congo River. Arrangements are previously made with one of the two or three companies operating boats, and the date is set usually Monday. We drive some twenty odd miles in our own twelve-year-old car, hoping to arrive between six and seven a. m. The *tukutukus* are probably in the final stages of being laden with supplies for the two or three trading posts on this run. Then on go our bed-loads and tin trunks, and, having glanced around to make sure the lamps are not comfortably sitting on the shore, we passengers climb up the plank and choose the seat we think will be most comfortable for the next four hours.

The motor starts, and we see where the motor boat (also the motorcycle) got its African name. Try repeating '*tukutuku*' rather fast, and in no time you'll be sailing up the Congo, seated on a bail of American export print or a case of blue-mottled soap, and if extremely fortunate, your back against the gentle curve of a kerosene drum.

The boats vary in size and construction. This time they were all wearing a new coat of bright red paint, with grey trimmings. The small ones resemble an overgrown row-boat. 25—30 feet in length, motor in the rear, and guided by a tiller. Only the stern is under cover, so don't forget your hat or dark glasses, or both. The larger models have a

Tell me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart every word,
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard.

Who would be content to come out here all this way with anything less! And may those of us who have come to answer just such a modern Macedonian call never turn aside to lesser things giving stones to those who beg for bread and scorpions for those who ask for meat. In these days of social emphasis one is tempted to forget that "it is an illusion to think that more comfort means happiness. Happiness comes from the capacity to think deeply, to enjoy simply, to think freely" the things of God.

Thus His work and workers march on and thus "distance is no longer an obstacle to His triumphant march and the opposing forces of spiritual darkness cannot hinder His resolute procedure."

LEOPOLDVILLE NEWS—Our Reference Committee is now in session and has brought many of our missionaries to Leopoldville. We all are enjoying the fellowship between meetings. The needs of the school and church here in Leopoldville are increasingly evident and challenging. Our main project now is the taking of a religious census in the native city. A baptismal service was held at the military camp. There is now a protestant chaplain there, but our missionaries go from time to time to help out in the services. Some assisted in this recent service when 18 were baptized. Another school has been opened near our outstation of Ngombe. Another need met! We hope to have our own dispensary here at Leo before the next year. This possibility has come quite suddenly although the need is old. The H.D.Browns will be leaving us in July to take up their work at Kimpese. They have generously given help where needed as well as efficiently carrying two full time tasks, first as Mission Treasurer during the Watkins' furlough and now as Mission Secretary during the furlough of the Armstrongs.

ON THE OCEAN WAVE

HELEN R. ROBBINS

In the midsummer of '39 we sailed from New York harbor at midnight on one of the great ocean palaces. The sailing was a gala occasion! Bands played, flags were flown, confetti blew in the breeze; about us were gay laughter, rich clothing, bright lights, honeymoon parties, light-hearted tourists. Friends were lost and found again in the intricate passages of the great ship. The air was laden with the scent of flowers and about us was revelry and drinking, as a group of friends gathered on deck to ask God's blessing on us as we parted from them.

The five day crossing to Europe was all too short in the commodious cabin with a solicitous steward, a nursery and trained attendant for children, amusements and inviting games indoors and on deck, bounteous menus, music, concerts and gay groups of travelers.

That was 1939. There followed the grim war years when ocean travel meant danger and darkness and lurking tragedy.

In 1947 we sailed from New York again, this time directly for the Congo. For months we had waited for passage, contacted steamship companies, had friends intercede for us, paid exorbitant rates and rejoiced to get any sailing whatever. This time it was a cargo vessel. A small group of very devoted friends gathered in the late chilly afternoon outside the damp, drab dock in Hoboken, where they waited shivering. Finally the postive word came that none but passengers were allowed within the dock. We passed inside, climbed a swaying gangplank, and when we sailed there were none to wave "good-bye".

It was a reconverted "liberty ship" built for service and not for comfort. We were fortunate for there were five of us in one small cabin, rather than forty or sixty in one large one as many have been travelling. The sum total of the passengers was five missionaries and five children. We called at Baltimore and for two

days loaded coal. Coal dust covered our faces, filtered into the clothes we wore, seeped into the closed cabins and stayed with us all the way across. We wished for the clothes we had left behind for the ragbag. We ate what was put before us, if we ate at all, as we watched insects sport on the walls of the dining room. Conveniences were few; and we were pushed from this bit of deck to that. We were treated kindly, but with reserve and a tinge of annoyance, as superfluous baggage. As long as we kept ourselves out of the way we were tolerated. Twenty-three days of it found us happy to be on land again.

It is the same great ocean, the same glorious sunsets and full moon shimmering on the water, the same glorious hosts of Heaven above and the same mysteries of the boundless deep. God is still the same, but man has changed the world. In the evening we would pick our way over the deck out to the prow, carefully lest we stumble over the concrete scars where cannon had once stood. There with all the boat behind us and only the ocean ahead and the bright path of the moon on the waves, we would commune with the God who changeth not and whose lovingkindness is everlasting. Ocean travel may no longer be counted a joy ride, but there is always happiness in traveling on a commission of the King of Kings.

In twenty years as a missionary, I have spent exactly six months of time on the ocean. The richest experiences of those months, and the memories that remain through the years are those of personalities met and known: the rich merchant from Budapest, the magician from India, the ballet dancer who listened with interest to the Gospel story, wistful Jewish immigrants from Nazi Germany fleeing to the U.S. the land of hope. Always the children of God find each other and there is always unity and joy in fellowship.

There was the four day trip we made from Boulogne to Lisbon on a little ship headed for South America. There were four of us Christians who found each other, a French Salvation Army captain going to South America, the daughter of English missionaries to Spain, and ourselves. We sailed on Saturday and Sunday morning we gathered around the

piano in the little dining room to sing hymns. After a time a fifth passenger joined us. She came from steerage class and we had not seen her before. She was dressed in European peasant clothes, plain, but scrupulously clean and with a bright clear countenance. She radiated pleasure as she joined us. We talked to her in every language in which we knew any words at all, but could not make ourselves understood. Finally she nodded her head and rushed out. Soon she returned with a little black book and, opening it excitedly, she pointed to one word that occurred often on its pages. It was not spelled just the same, but we immediately recognized it as the "name that is above every name" and we in turn showed the word "Jesus" in our Bibles and hymn books. It was the one word we could all understand.

The perfect contact was made. We needed no more. She was traveling alone and from then on spent most of her time with us, content in just being with us, sure of her welcome. We were enriched by the fellowship of Spirit — without words.

So we sail on — and always with a goal. Sometimes the goal is those who wait to surround us with their love, and then again we return to those whom we seek continually to draw into the enfolding love of Him who died for them.

MOANZA NEWS — May 6 - Conlusion of the school year. Twelve boys went out to do a year of teaching and evangelizing in the district. Ten received certificates for completing school.
May 21 — Dr. Jean Austin visited Moanza and performed 21 operations, had many consultations and much minor surgury was performed.
May 27 — Monsieur Molotor, the inspector for Agricultural instruction for this area visited our station.
May 31 — The Tuttle family arrived from Lubondai, bringing Naomi Bubeck with them for her summer vacation at home.

ON THE ROAD

L. GITTINGS

"I'm off on the road." These words fall fairly frequently from the lips of an evangelistic missionary in the Congo, but they do not mean that he has decided to leave his job and become a tramp. Being "on the road" is as much a part of his work as it is of a traveling salesman at home. In our Sona Bata area, for example, we have some ten thousand square miles of rugged country with hundreds of villages in which church, school and medical work is carried on. Some places can be reached by car, some by bicycle, and some by foot, and the task of supervision is a formidable one. So the missionary is continually hauling out his "road boxes" from his storeroom and repacking them for the trail.

Packing has to be done with great care for some districts and villages are rather far from the beaten track, and one must have all that one needs with him. Sometimes an absence of several weeks from the station may be necessary and there are no round-the-corner stores one can fall back upon when short of something. Even a man acquires a considerable amount of domestication out here. He must make his selection of canned and other food supplies (under his wife's supervision, of course), see that there are enough pots, dishes, and cutlery, make sure he has enough clothing and toilet articles, check on his cot, bedding and mosquito net, and throw in some books and writing materials for the evenings in camp. It's too bad if he forgets his can opener, the African traveler's friend.

Congo travel has its minor trials. Not always is there a comfortable place in which to sleep. One night a roomy government rest-house may be available in a central village, but at other times the only choice may be a leaking, dirty, even vermin-infested hut. You may share a hut with a native family, and it's unfortunate if you don't like other people's snoring! Privacy is not always respected,

but you finally become more or less accustomed to being stared at steadily or being peeped at furtively.

Native cook boys are usually quite resourceful, and it is largely due to them that we fare as well as we do on the road. They cook either in a small nearby hut or out in the open, using firewood and water brought by the school children in the village or by the villagers themselves. I have known food to be badly smoked, and more than one funny story in the missionary's repertory concern cooking accidents on the road. One evening, in a district where the water was notoriously bad and dark-colored, I put some tea into the receptacle I used for brewing tea or coffee. The cook boy had decided I was to have coffee with my meal, so without consulting me and not knowing of the tea in the pot, he made me coffee. I drank the concoction, thought to myself that the water seemed to be getting worse in that village, discovered after the meal what the reason was. I felt particularly disappointed, however, one night when the cook got hold of a bottle of motor oil I had with me and used it by mistake to fry a tender young chicken which the headman of the village had given me on my arrival in camp late, hungry and tired. When after trial, I was quite unable to eat any part of it, the cook, loth to waste it, ate it himself, pronounced it not too bad!

One can usually pick up some eggs and fruit or an occasional chicken in the villages, though the natives are getting less and less disposed to selling the latter in places nearer the white people. So the wise traveler makes his food box as complete as possible, making it his base of supplies for the weeks he is out in the villages.

Such are some of the details of Congo traveling, but they make it possible for one to carry on the ministry of preaching, teaching, and healing in the name of Christ that every one of the thousands of African villages so sorely needs.

NEWS ITEMS

KIMPESE — As the school year draws near to closing, special events take their place on the calendar. After Easter, the first special Sunday is that devoted to baptism only once a year. Since all students are church members and there being no village work, practically the only candidates are the helpers of the students. Many of these are enrolled in inquirers' classes each year. Having completed the required classes and successfully passed examination, they may be baptized either on their own stations or at Kimpese. This year four boys and one girl were baptized. At eight o'clock one Sunday morning, almost the whole population of E.P.I. gathered at the stream for the service. In this same place, Tata Kiundu, now a valued worker at Kimpese, was baptized many years ago.

Another Sunday morning was marked as "Baby Dedication Day". At the front of the church and on either side of the pulpit, sat the fathers and mothers with the babies who were to be didicated. All were neat and clean, dressed in their very best. The parents responded seriously to questions asked by Mr. Morrish. Several fathers led in prayer, and the whole group stood, very silently, during the dedicatory prayer. The following week was marked by closing exercises in the Kindergarten and the primary school.

Final examinations occupied a full week. During that time one saw many anxious faces. Most of them, however beamed after the final results were posted. Then came the week-end looked forward to all year—Commencement. First, on Saturday afternoon, the sports. All took part, from tiny tots to faculty. Then on Sunday morning there was an impressive service with special music and a splendid address from Mr. Russell of the B.M.S. In the afternoon was held the Communion Service, Dr. Anderson of the S.M.F. officiating.

On Monday morning, in the church which was decorated for the occasion with palms, flags and flowers, were held the Commencement exercises. The graduating classes had special musical numbers. Graduates made speaches and representatives of

the remaining classes responded. The address was given by Dr. Anderson and the diplomas were presented by Mrs. Anderson.

Many families had a busy afternoon, packing for departure. All students living near enough, return to their villages during vacation, but many coming from great distances, must remain the entire four years. On Tuesday came the "Exodus". The entire faculty gathered at the railway station to say "Good bye" to the students.

The next day brought the Trustees for their annual meeting. After three days of discussion and planning they too departed leaving E.P.I. with its *sivu*, (dry season), population.

And so ended another year of E.P.I.'s history. To us it was significant because it marked E.P.I.'s 40th. anniversary as well as the 70th. anniversary of Protestant Missions in Congo. We talked a great deal about its early beginning. We reviewed its difficulties and growth. Its usefulness and influence on Congo people, none but the Master can measure. But we are grateful to those who did begin this school and to all those who have carried on the work. It is a privilege to us to have even a very small part in training young Christians so that they may spread the joyful message of salvation over all their country. We pray that God may guide and bless this work so that these young men and women may render valuable service to Him that E.P.I. may always be an instrument in forwarding His kingdom. — RUTH ERICKSON

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SONA BATA — During the past months we have had the pleasure of welcoming Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Price of the English Baptists who have come to help in the work at the Medical School for the coming year. Also Mr. and Mrs. Roland Metzger have returned from the their furlough and study in Belgium to take up the evangelistic work. Dr. and Mrs. Tuttle were away for a month for a much needed vacation and change. They visited mission stations in the Kasai district and finally reached Lubondai where their three children have been attending school and the family returned together in their small truck.

BANZA MANTEKE —· The final exercises of the closing of school brought several people to our station, Miss Jean Luckey, the Mission Secretary and others. Thare were races and games, a pageant and a hand-work exhibit and on Sunday a worship service and the presentation of certificates. The week following the close of school the Regional schools were given their examinations.

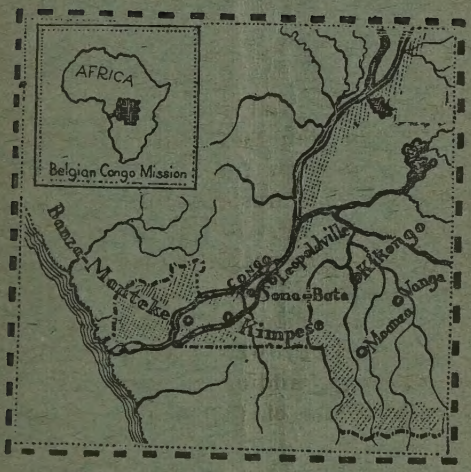
The Engwalls went to Lubondai to get their daughter Caryl who graduated from high school this year.

Dr. and Mrs. Freas arrived at Banza Manteke after a few years at home. Miss Ehnbom leaves this month for her furlough.

* * * *

VANGA — With a pretty full staff for the moment, the work progresses well. Mr. and Mrs. Gittings who are newly arrived at the station share in the school and evangelistic and other station work. Dr. Austin carries on the medical work, she too is new to the staff. Recent and welcome visitors were Dr. and Mrs. Tuttle who passed through on their way to Lubondai. Mr. Gittings will leave shortly to drive there to get his children. The Bubecks and Mr. Abbott from Moanza called at Vanga on a trip they were making this way. The roof of the new maternity building is being completed and we hope to have some parts of the building ready for use by the early part of June.

NOTICE — The name of the Congo News Letter will remain as it is. It began with that name 39 years ago, and the concensus of opinion is that it carry on with that designation.



Belgian Congo Mission

BELGIAN CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY
with P. O. addresses *

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via Matadi
Miss Mary Bonar
Rev. and Mrs. M. S. Engwall
Miss Annis Ford
Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Freas
Miss Vera Murdock R.N.

KIKONGO sur Wamba
via Banningville
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Miss Gertrude Anderson
Rev. E. and G. Atkins
Miss Grace Cooper
Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins
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via Masimanimba
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Miss Eva Shepard
Rev. and Mrs. A.C. Osterholm
Miss Doris Wiseman

STUDY IN BELGIUM — Miss Dorothy Wiseman ,R.N.
UNDER APPOINTMENT — Rev. and Mrs. Phillip Uhlinger

* *Precede name of each station with A.B.F.M.S.*